

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Continued from page 1.

John Clayton, Lord Dreyfus, embarked with his young wife on the Lusitania for Britain West Africa, where he was to receive a commission as major.

Slowly the black opened her eyes. She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle about her.

"Oh, Gaberelle!" she screamed, and fainted again.

By this time Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had come up.

"What shall we do, Mr. Clayton?" asked the old professor.

"I don't know," said Clayton, "but I shall do my best to save her."

"We must arouse Esmeralda first," replied Clayton.

"She can tell us what has happened," said Esmeralda.

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us, the same rains beat upon us, and when the spirit of her mother is abroad, it will find us together in death, as it has always found us in life.

"Yes, it is I alone who may go, for she was my daughter—all that was left on earth for me to love."

"I shall go with you," said Clayton.

The old man looked up, regarding the strong, handsome face of William Coell Clayton intently.

He had been too preoccupied with his own scholarly thoughts in the past to consider the little occurrences, the chance words which would have indicated to a more practical man that these young people were being drawn more and more closely to one another.

"As you wish," he said.

"You may count on me, also," said Mr. Philander.

"No, my dear old friend," said Professor Porter.

"We may not all go. It would be cruelly wicked to leave poor Esmeralda here alone, and three of us would be no more successful than one."

"There be enough dead things in the jungle to rot, it is. Come—let us try to sleep a little."

CHAPTER XIX. THE CALL OF THE PRIMITIVE.

From the time Tarzan left the tribe of great anthropoids in which he had been raised, it was torn by continual strife and discord.

Terkoz proved a cruel and capricious king, so that, one by one, many of the older and weaker ape, upon whom he was particularly prone to vent his brutish nature, took their families and sought the quiet and safety of the far interior.

But at last those who remained were driven to desperation by the continued truculence of Terkoz, so that, one by one, that one of them recalled the parting admonition of Tarzan:

"If you have a chief who is cruel, do not obey him, so that, one by one, they left him alone. But, instead, let two or three of you attack him together. Then, you will not all be killed, and you will be other than he should be, for four of you can kill any chief who may ever be over you."

And the ape who recalled this wise counsel repeated it to several of his tribe, so that when Terkoz returned to the tribe that day he found a warm reception awaiting him.

There were no formalities, as Terkoz reached the group, five huge, hairy beasts sprang upon him.

At heart he was an ardent coward, which is the way with bullies in general, as well as among men; so he did not remain to fight and die, but tore himself away from them as quickly as he could and fled into the sheltering boughs of the forest.

Two more attempts he made to rejoin the tribe, but on each occasion he was set upon and driven away. At last he gave it up, and turned, foaming with rage, toward the jungle.

For several days he looked almost aimlessly, nursing his spite and looking for some weak thing on which to vent his pent anger.

It was in this state of mind that the horrible man-like beast, awing from the tree, came suddenly upon two women in the jungle.

He was right above them when he discovered them. The first intimation that he had of their presence was when the great hairy hand dropped to the earth beside her, and she saw the awful face and the snarling, hideous mouth thrust within a foot of her.

One piercing scream escaped her lips as the brute hand clutched her arm. Then she was dragged toward those awful eyes which yawned at her throat. But where they touched that fair skin another scream claimed the anthropoid.

The tribe had kept his women. He and others to replace them. This was his new household, and so he threw her roughly across his broad, hairy shoulders and leaped back into the trees, bawling

man for possession of a woman—for her. As the great muscles of the man's back and shoulders knotted beneath the tension of his efforts, and the huge, bony trunks, the veil of centuries of civilization and culture was swept from the blurred vision of the Baltimore girl.

When the long knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz's heart's blood, and the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground, it was a primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms toward the primeval man who had fought for her and won her.

And Tarzan?

He did not see the red-blooded man needs his arms and snarled her upturned, panting lips with kisses.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

WOMAN GETS BEQUEST FROM OLD ADMIRER

Erstwhile Friend Leaves \$5000 to Mrs. Sallie Gale, Rooming House Keeper.

The wheel of fortune has taken another turn for Mrs. Sallie Gale, a rooming house keeper, of 211 North Franklin street.

She has been informed by an attorney that she has fallen heir to a fortune of \$5000, bequeathed to her by a former admirer, Mrs. Gale spent today in getting the services of a lawyer to look after her interests.

Two years ago fortune did not smile so kindly upon Mrs. Gale. On November 9, 1913, on a Sunday evening, Mrs. Gale and her daughter, Marie Dean, were guests of honor at the boathouse of Thomas Lee, in Delaware county, Lee was a Philadelphia deputy tax collector.

Lee's son, who formerly was employed in the City Treasurer's office, called at the boathouse. The women and some of the men objected to his presence. The father ordered the young man out of the house. A quarrel followed outside and

He still grasped Jane Porter in one great arm as Tarzan bounded like a leopard into the arena which nature had provided for this primeval-like battle.

When Terkoz saw that it was Tarzan who pursued him, he jumped to the conclusion that this was Tarzan's woman, since they were of the same kind—white and hairless—and so he rejoiced at this opportunity for double revenge upon his interests.

To Jane Porter the strange apparition of this god-like man was as wine to sick nerves.

From the description which Clayton had given her, she knew that it must be the same wonderful creature who had saved them, and she saw in him only a protector and a friend.

But as Terkoz pushed her roughly aside to reach Tarzan's charge, and she saw the great proportions of the ape and the mighty muscles and the fierce fangs, her heart quailed. How could any animal vanquish such a mighty antagonist?

Like two eagles, they came together, and like two wolves sought each other's throat. Against the long canines of the ape was pitted the thin blade of the man's knife.

Jane Porter's eye lithe young form flattened against the trunk of a great tree, her hands tight pressed against her rising and falling bosom, and her eyes wide with mingled horror, fascination, fear, and admiration—watching the primordial ape battle with the primeval

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